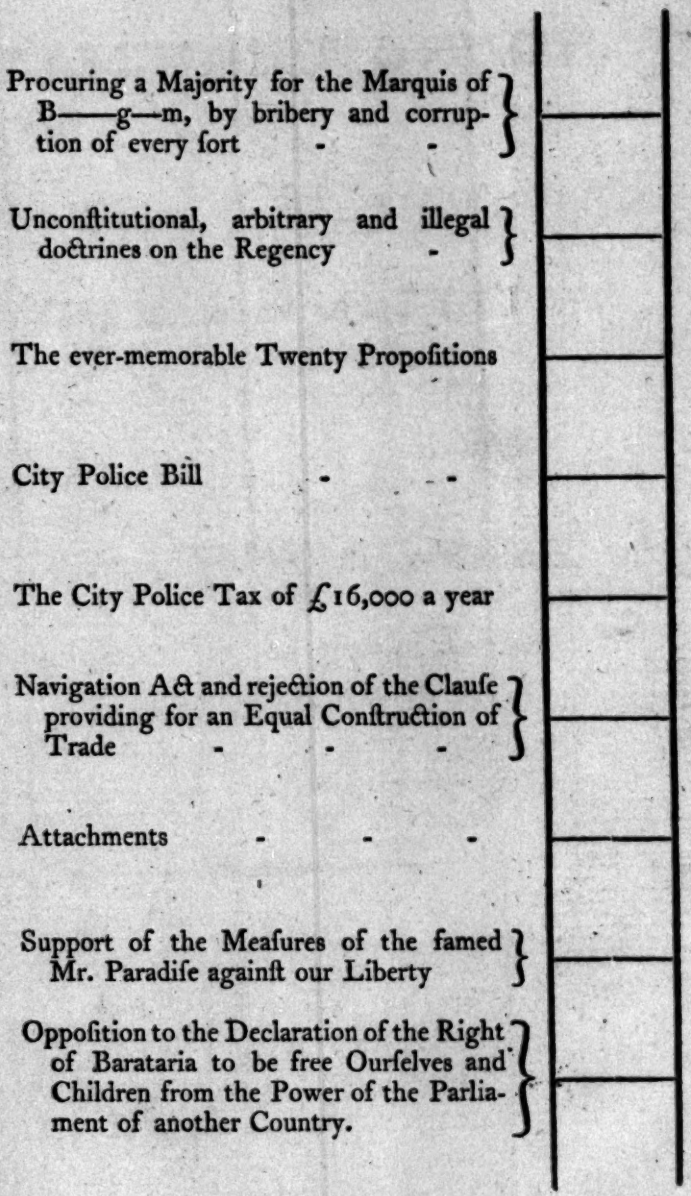
PETULANT'S LADDER.

Mark by what wretched ſteps his glory grows:
From dirt and ſea-weed as proud Venus roſe;
In each how guilt and greatneſs equal ran,
And all that raiſed the Lawyer ſunk the Man.



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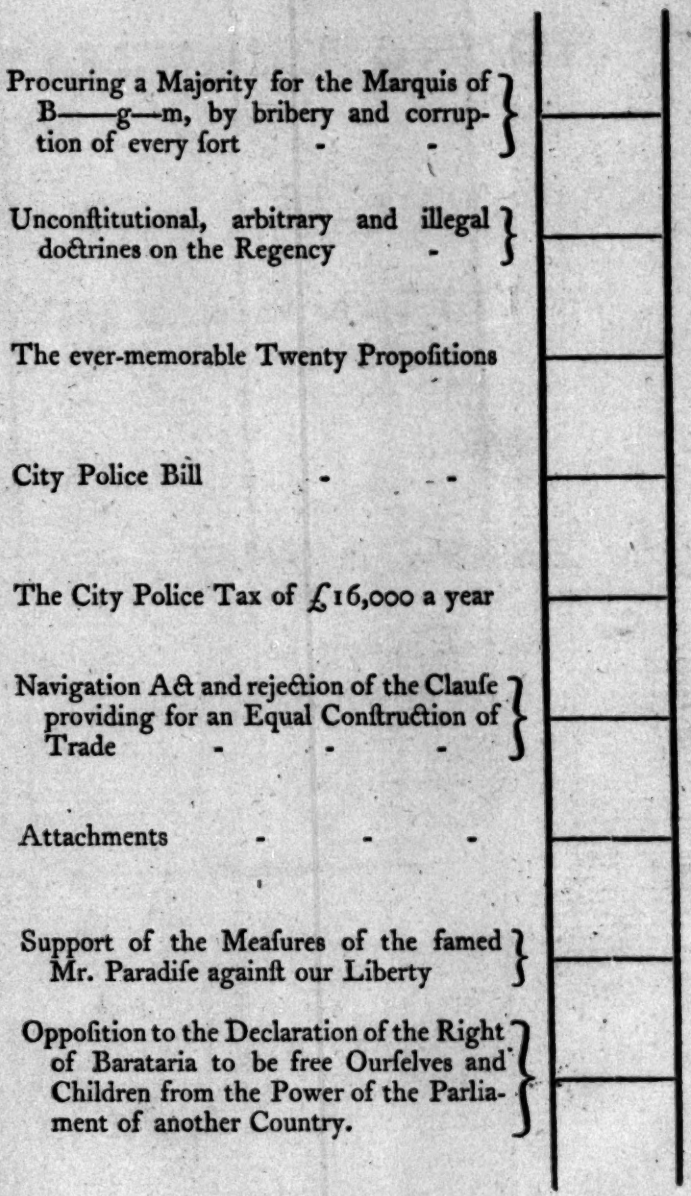

K. Mentor. 1265

LESSONS

TO A

YOUNG CHANCELLOR;

OR, A

LETTER FROM MENTOR

TO

LORD JEFFREYS,

BARON PETULANT, OF THE KINGDOM
OF BARATARIA.

Published about 5 Dec^r

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BRITISH MUSEUM

LESSONS

TO A

YOUNG CHANCELLOR,

&c. &c.

MY LORD,

COELUM non animum—the ſame thing egg and bird.—You ſet out bad, for you ſet out with abuſing your country, "eaſily raiſed and eaſily put down," not like the good people of Caſtile; alluding in your abuſe more particularly to the common people of Barataria, whom you ſhould have ſpared, becauſe you are come from them. Its an old ſaying but a true one, "Its a bad bird that dirties its own neſt;" ſuch reflection on the common people of your country, in Mr. O'N—l had been preſumption,

but in Petulant it was folly: juſt in the ſame way the papiſts, from whom you likewiſe are come, you uſe very cruelly, unkindly, and ungratefully, and ſpeak of them very improperly; you don't forget your clauſe in your Riot Act, to burn their chapels if any riot was had, or took place in the neighbourhood; and their altars were to be ſold, and an auction to be had by a juſtice of peace of all the things belonging to their chapel: ſhame upon you! ſhame upon you! its an odd thing, but true for all that, that the hardeſt blows the Roman Catholics ever got in our time, have been dealt them by one who is of a ſtock plebeian and papiſt. I dont ſee the harm, Petulant, in telling you who you are, becauſe you have forgotten it; and pray does not a Chancellor forget himſelf very much when he goes to aggregate meetings, which are no place for him? becauſe, a lord of the realm ſhould keep himſelf to the Houſe of Lords, and a judge to his courts, and neither have any buſineſs to inſtruct members of the Houſe of Commons. But I did not know, Jack Petulant, that you were ſo fond of the aggre-

gate,

gate, for once upon a time you thought them but a ſeditious buſineſs, and your notion of inſtructing members was to attach the ſheriff; but I ſuppoſe you went there now to ſupport church and ſtate. I'll tell you your notion of church and of ſtate—of ſtate, a plumb for yourſelf, and of church, a f—t for the parſon—a ſtate without a conſtitution, and a church without a God. I ſhall take the liberty of making ſuch obſervations on your life as the incidents occur, and you will make uſe of them as you pleaſe or not,—'tis all one to me. Your firſt party in politics was a Mr. Will Paradiſe, a Secretary in Barataria, and you danced in his train, and voted with him through thick and thin againſt your country, day after day; and if he, and you, and thoſe who followed him, had ſucceeded in their and your views, poor Barataria would not now be a free land. Your ſupporting the twenty propoſitions was of a piece with your ſupporting Paradiſe, for in that affair you wanted to give what your country had got—back again; and your way of conducting yourſelf on that buſineſs was not much

much to your credit; you get up and make a ſpeech, and you tell us that there are eleven propoſitions from Barataria under conſideration in Caſtile, and if they are altered an iota you will oppoſe them, and then you ſupport them with endleſs alterations, and want to cram them down our throats; and becauſe the people wont ſwallow them you grow abuſive.

Where is the good of fortune, if a man with 5000*l.* a year breaks his word to keep his place? what dependence can we have on you afterwards, becauſe from that hour you loſe the privilege of being ſaucy to the people, and are like any other tradeſman in parliament, working for bread. To your conduct on that buſineſs I take three exceptions—the firſt exception, you ſupported a plan which knocked our trade and freedom in the head—the ſecond, you broke your word—the third, you did it in an unmannerly, abuſive, impudent way. Your conduct regarding the Act of Navigation was another thing which was not handſome, and of a piece with your vote for the twenty propoſitions.

As

As Caſtile conſtrued the act of navigation, ſhe excluded Barataria from her markets, while ſhe thruſt herſelf into the markets of Barataria in all plantation goods; but ſhe grew very uneaſy about the legality of the act of navigation in Barataria, and her miniſtry moſt ardently deſired that it ſhould be paſſed there, and you were *their* little inſtrument; the eagerneſs of Caſtile on this ſubject, was the opportunity for Barataria to ſecure to herſelf a fair and equal conſtruction:—What does friend Petulant do? He brings in the navigation bill, without any ſuch proviſion; and when ſuch a one is propoſed, he throws it out.—This, in my poor opinion, is ſelling the paſs, and giving up the trade of Barataria, to curry favour with the miniſter of Caſtile; the ſame thing which any adventurer would do, who had not, as you have, any property, except his vote and his wits—in truth and in fact, there is no ſolid difference between you.

Your attack on the charter of the city, was of a piece with your other works; you wanted to get the corporation at your foot, and to do that

that, you wanted to give the entire and uncontrouled power of making the Mayor to the Board of Aldermen, and ſo ſtrip the poor Commons of their legal right; and for this you give an opinion—for ſhame!—againſt the letter, ſpirit, meaning, tenor, and purport of an act of Parliament; and YOU Cha—llor, and you bring the poor government into a ſcrape along with yourſelf, and then you both run away; for behold ye, the Commons now reject one man choſen by the Board, if they do not like him, and the Aldermen and Government ſubmit, and acknowledge that you were, *in point of law, wrong*. You were much injured in the whole of that buſineſs, and nobody pitied you; and you hurt yourſelf very much after, by your hectoring attack on three Lords, on a point of law, where you were wrong; and you were terribly humbled by the Whig Club vindication, who took you down in your own profeſſion, and ſhewed, when grappled, you were no champion; they took little Grimgribber by the neck, and hung him up in his own cobweb, and the people laughed at him.—You complained

that

that your hands were tied behind your back, but they were always ſo, and you come in now too late with your boaſting; if your ſpirit was unblemiſhed, it was unneceſſary—and if blemiſhed, too late. That unfortunate buſineſs with the city, is a kin to another dirty buſineſs, of which you had the manufacturing—I mean nothing more or leſs, than that infamous, wicked, abominable, extravagant, cruel, oppreſſive piece of robbery—your police bill: We know why you framed that bill.—Mr. Highlandladdie * undertook the city, and you drew a bill to enable him to buy it. You tax the city near 20,000l. per year, to enable Mr. Highlandladdie to procure the Corporation; you get a law, and a tax, to procure the Board of Aldermen; and then you give an opinion againſt law, to make that Board the factotum of the city.—My God! Lord Jeffries, is not this being a bad Member of Parliament, and a wicked Lawyer, to draw up a bad law, and to give an opinion againſt law, to take away a man's right, and many men's right, as was the caſe

* Manager of the city under the Caſtle.

caſe of the Common Council, for the purpoſe of influencing a Corporation unduly with Mr. Highlandladdie, aſſiſted by the keeper of the King's conſcience, the Chancellor.

Better folks ſhould ſet before them,
A grace, a manner, a decorum.

A prerogative daſh I ſhould expect from you—but why this dirty work? If you muſt be a ſervant of the Crown, ſerve it like a man of credit and a gentleman, and don't thruſt your finger, like a meddler, into every dirty buſineſs—city politics, corporation politics, and the election of their magiſtrates, and ſo on, miſchief to the end of the chapter.

In pretty much the ſame way, you conducted yourſelf through the whole time you were A——y G——l,—high talk, low actions. You ſwallowed, ſpoke for, voted for, all the jobs, penſions, and idle extravagances of poor Duke Manners, juſt in a manner like any other Caſtle hack, only that you carried your tail a little higher, but never a ſymptom of conſcience or of true pride, for aught your country

could

could diſcern; your property never ſeemed to make the better man, but only a little pert and purſe-proud; and yet there were jobs that a man would be aſhamed to have ſtood out for, unleſs he was a beggarman, and yet you ſwallowed them all, clean and dirty, and nothing went amiſs with you:

" Both high and low in this do agree,
" 'Tis here fellow-ſervant,
" And there fellow-ſervant,
" And all in a livery."

(See the Song.)

A man of nothing, and of 5000l. per annum, you all dance to the ſame tune when once you are put in the caſtle ſpanſel, with more or leſs airs and affectations, but it all ends in the ſame thing; you do every miniſter's dirty work, and a little for yourſelf; and you * portion ſome of your family on your country, though you abuſe it.

The regency is a memorable buſineſs in your life. I'll tell you candidly where I think you

 right,

* Penſion to the late Earl of W——th, which was in truth a marriage portion for Petulant's niece.

right, and where I think you were wrong, in ſtanding by your party:—right, as far as you could do it without attacking your country, but where you were criminal, was in advancing a doctrine unneceſſary for your party, and to your country ſubverſive of every trace of liberty and conſtitution: your unconſtitutional doctrine was voluntary, it was like Buckhurſt eating the rebel's heart, to ſhew his zeal for the Hanover family.

As many long arguments may be beſt anſwered in one ſentence, ſo yours on that occaſion: your doctrine was, that the parliament of Caſtile could make a Regent for Barataria, for all imperial and legiſlative purpoſes, but not for thoſe purpoſes where the application of the ſign manual was neceſſary. Petulant, the application of the ſign manual is neceſſary for imperial and legiſlative purpoſes, for all commiſſions in the army, and for a Lord Lieutenant's patent, and here is an end of your argument.—I'll tell you a ſtory—there was a friend of mine very ſubject to the gout, and if he got a fall from his horſe,

horſe, or a cold, or a ſprain, it always brought on the fit; the authority of Caſtile over Barataria is your gout: on the declaration of right you had a fit, you oppoſed the parliamentary claim of your country—under Paradiſe the ſame, —in the propoſitions another fit, you wanted to revive that authority,—on the regency, ditto. Whenever your poor country comes to a difficulty or a loſs, you begin to get your damned inherent political gout, and begin to bawl and bellow for the power of another country over your own; however Jack, that gout made you Chancellor, with a few other helps; it was not your law—law would have made another man; if your law had been better in this country, your fate had been worſe, and that's an objection at leaſt to your being our miniſter now, ſince we got our freedom in ſpite of you, though you had naturally been our lord and maſter if we had loſt it. However, it is the nature of ſome men never to reſt—that's your caſe; why could not you confine yourſelf to your arbitrary notions, and your crown law, but you muſt turn alſo corruption-monger to the marquis

of

of B———m, and turn Jack Robinſon upon us, and that too, Mr. Petulant, when you looked to be keeper of the king's conſcience, and firſt judge in a court of equity. If the marquis had aſked you to do ſuch work, you ſhould have anſwered, "No, Homo Sum, I am a gentleman, "ſend to Caſtle Cook, or Highlandladdy, or "*Bob Pandar; or give a guinea to a ſhoe boy "to do ſuch buſineſs," nothing will, after that, give dignity or credit to one, who with very conſiderable talents and a great fortune at his back, conſents to be the go-between of a Lord Lieutenant in making his dirty bargains: nobody, you'll anſwer tartly enough, for you are ſeldom at a loſs for an anſwer of ſome ſort, nobody would take the marquis's word.—My God! and are you, the Chancellor, to turn his runner, and give your perſonal word for the performance of his dirty contracts with members of Parliament, for their votes, becauſe, as you ſay yourſelf, he is too dirty a fellow to be believed himſelf; then, after all that, you mount

* Bob Pander, a gentleman who keeps in Barataria a bad houſe, they call it the Houſe of Commons.

mount the bench of juſtice as grave as a judge.

There is ſomething elſe you did at that time, which had been better, like ſome other things, let alone, for it was too plain;—it was the court you paid to the gentlemen whom your party turned out of their employments; all ſaw what you were driving at; you wanted, that if theſe men came into power, they might not turn you out of your employment, as you had turned out them; and how was this to be done? how do you think?—by dinners.——"My dear "P——by, our party has come into power, "and turned your's out—will you dine with "me to-morrow. Your's,

Petulant."

Then you get Caſtle Cook to write againſt theſe people, your good gueſts, againſt the duke of L——r, Mr. C——ly, the P——by's, &c. See his ſcribbling againſt the Secretary of the Whig Club, and his phamplets on all ſubjects, lay and eccleſiaſtical; Scribble, Scribble,

Scribble,

Scribble;—this gentleman is your writer and your gueſt, and their libeller; and then you yourſelf, my lord Petulant, write and invite C——ly with his friends, after abuſing them; your invitation is as much as to ſay,

" My dear C——ly,

" Our party has turned all your friends out " of their employments, and robbed ſome of " your relations of their penſions; and we " have, 'tis true, written, by our friend Caſtle " Cook, againſt you all. I only aſk to con- " tinue on good terms with you, and that you " will not turn me out of my employment, as " we have done your's; and as a pledge of " amneſty, come dine with me, and meet " our common friend Caſtle Cook and the " P——bys; if you don't come to us, Bob " Pander, after he has written the letters of diſ- " miſſal to your people, will with me go to your " houſe, and ſpend a friendly Chriſtmas, at " C——-town." The ſame way with the duke of L——r; a'nt it an odd thing that it ſhould come into your head that theſe men could be got

got for a feaſt: theſe rich and great folks are tired of the thing; they, and their forefathers have been at it God knows how long; if you wiſh to regale them, give them novelty; invite them to the Cottage of your anceſtors. For George P——by you threw out lures of another ſort, you ſent him your bag of briefs, and for this he is reproached, and *you* called his greateſt benefactor.—Let me aſk you a queſtion or two, who turned Mr. G—ge P——by, with all his friends, out of all their employments and power? Your party—very well—now who enabled your party to turn out P——by and all?—You, you, you, my lord Petulant—very well, but not for them, 'twas you, by turning Jack Robinſon for Buck—g—m, and making his bargains,

"In ſorrowful ditty,
"You promiſe, you pity."

Account ſettled between G—ge P——by, and his greateſt benefactor.

Loſt, by his greateſt benefactor, the office of councel to the commiſſioners, worth 2000l. per ann. at ſeven years purchaſe, - - £.14,000.	*Got*, bag of briefs, worth - - 500 Balance againſt his greateſt benefactor, 13,500 £.14,000.

Errors excepted.

For

For in this is not reckoned the general wreck of his connections, and friends, and brother, diſmiſſed by the faction, of which his greateſt benefactor was life, ſoul, firſt mover, and indeed what not. This is not ſo great a kindneſs as breaking your head, and giving a plaiſter for it, but giving no plaiſter for your head but for a ſore finger. After your appointment to the office which you now fill, there were ſome things I did not expect from you, and ſome which I did; I expected that you ſhould have a vanity in the chaſte filling of vacancies on the bench: you were ever ſaying, this man's no lawyer, that man's no lawyer, ſo that we thought you believed no man was of common ſenſe unleſs a lawyer; and yet when the vacancies happen on the bench, you who have not always common ſenſe, though a lawyer, fill two out of three with men that you don't pretend to ſay are lawyers, or had any recommendation, except that they were votes for government; now that's not being true to your tackle, that's not being up to your own affectation; this great and ſevere judge, that will do I know not what

with

with men who don't regard the laws, in the appointment of two out of three of the judges, has no regard for the law himſelf. You may now ſay of two of your own judges what you uſed to ſay of your brother barriſters—that man's no lawyer, and this man's no lawyer: "you'll "always maintain the dignity of the laws, and "take care of their execution." Yes, except Jack, in one ſpecial caſe, that is to ſay, as how, when it don't ſuit your convenience, your own or your family's convenience; and then juſtice may be blind, and need not ſee felons if one's own kin, and except alſo where it does not ſuit one's convenience as a miniſter; and then a voter without law is a better judge than a lawyer without a vote. And yet you'd complain, that the poor ignorant country-people don't reſpect the law, when you don't do it yourſelf in the moſt material of all things—in the appointment of judges.—You'll ſay, one of theſe gentlemen was your friend, and ſo he was, —what then? does it follow that you ought to have made him a judge; it would be as good a reaſon for making him a general, or for the

marquis of B———m making you a general, becauſe he liked you and uſed you. This faux-pas hurt you very much, becauſe it was expected you would have an ambition in that department of your ſituation to act *proudly*, and you acted *poorly*. I beg your pardon for troubling you with another fault of which you have been guilty, and in which fault you have departed from the ſtyle and tone of the character you aſſumed: the licence of the preſs is what you cried out againſt, and indeed, my good ſir, you bore hard on its liberty as well as its licence; and yet now (you the miniſter, and that miniſter the Chancellor) the government employs and pays a preſs to libel, upon ſyſtem, almoſt every honeſt man in public life.—Libellous newſpapers are ſpread abroad like poiſon at the expence of government; and what is worſe, one of the writers of ſome of thoſe tracts is a writer for you, and generally at your table. This is blowing hot and cold upon us Mr. Petulant. Some of the libels were diſtributed to ſome gentlemen by your own hands, and that you know full well—and no provocation for all this, no

anonimous

anonimous letters againſt you, or ſtrictures on miniſtry, or the Chancellor, or the Secretary. Your averſion to the licenſe of the preſs, and your regard for its ſupport alſo, compounded together, amounts to this in plain honeſt Engliſh, that you want the principles of juſtice—that you think there ſhould be no liberty of the preſs againſt yourſelf and your friends; and on your own ſide, as much licenſe as any of them pleaſe to write. Put it to this iſſue—were the government papers ever ſo licentious as ſince you, Lord Jeffries, were miniſter? anſwer that John Petulant—I'll engage you won't. Is not one of the chief libellers your companion, your friend, and your writer? The action that I am now going to ſay ſomething upon, by the way of advice, is akin to thoſe other fooliſh actions, where you always fail when you encounter James N——r T—dy, Eſq; of Barataria; it is the proclamation on the addreſs of the Houſe of Commons, to have him apprehended for a breach of privilege.—That ridiculous meaſure was your childiſh advice.—From what yet appears it would ſeem that here again,

as

as before, with regard to the Common Council, your advice was againſt law; but any way it was the advice of a very intemperate and indiſcreet man—the matter lay juſt as government ſhould have wiſhed. Mr. T—dy had been guilty of a breach of privilege, and had gone off, and ſo much the better for the caſtle, if it knew when it was well; but there was an ingenious clever little fellow, who has a dexterity in getting himſelf into ſcrapes, one Petulant, a moſt profound lawyer, the Chancellor, who would not let the matter reſt there—government muſt have ſomething to do in the buſineſs, and he adviſes government to act, as 'tis generally thought, againſt law, and makes the Houſe of Commons a party to the illegal proceeding; and it turns out that he has given T—dy a victory over all of them—the government—the Houſe of Commons, and the Chancellor, as uſual. This comes of parts that ne'er will reſt, one would think, ſince T—dy prevailed over you before, that you wiſh he ſhould prevail over the government too, to divide the diſgrace of thoſe defeats, which in

that

that combat, and in your own profeſſion, you have ever experienced from that gentleman.

I tell you, friend Petulant, never engage with Napper, for, ſome way or other, he always gives you a fall, and, *riſum teneatis*, he has the upper-hand of you in the point of law too—once before, here again :—I'll tell you the cauſe, and I hope it will be a word to the wiſe—you think, by your law and your power, to tread a citizen in the dirt, and he is a nimble fellow, and catches you, when you over-reach yourſelf, by the leg, and then he gets on your back and rides you through the gutter, where he, poor devil, was to have been ſmothered, as you thought, by your law and your learning, your books and your greatneſs.—This laſt defeat had never taken place if you had done what you ought to do from the beginning—gone home, after the lords or the chancery was up, and eat your dinner, and never have minded politics; that would anſwer better for your conſtitution, and for ours.

There is a fault in ſome women, and it leads them ſometimes into embarraſſments, and that is, the want of a power to keep their tongues within their teeth—that's a fault for which you ſhould be adviſed, lectured, reprimanded, and ſcolded twenty times every day of your life—it's an *impotentia linguæ*, or the Petulant diſtemper.

Inſtances of the Petulant diſtemper:

"God damn thoſe fellows, the Baratarian "embaſſadors—by the immortal G— I'd ſend "them, on their arrival at London, to New-"gate—the lords, indeed, I'd pay them the "compliment to ſend them to the Tower."—Theſe Baratarian embaſſadors were the commiſſioners ſent to the P——e on the regency—they were your friend C——ly, and your other friend O'N—l, L——r, and the good Ch——t.

The Britiſh armament againſt Spain.—— "I hope it won't be reduced, for, fore-Gad, "we may want it here to keep theſe fellows "(our

" (our citizens) in order."—Alluding to their diſſatisfaction, at that time, at your attempt on their charter; and, ſweet ſir, there muſt be very little wit in your words, or a great deal of wickedneſs in your wit.

" You have ſet up a little king of your own."—Meaning a ſarcaſm at the P——— of W——— and the P———m—t.

" You are a befotted people—eaſily raiſed, " eaſily quelled."—Meaning your own countrymen.

" You were bought for half a million, and " muſt be bought again now."—Meaning your own Parliament.

" *Oh, this was the unluckieſt trip of all.*"—It was like a parſon talking bawdy in the pulpit; it was making folks acquainted with the converſation of your table, and the leſſons and talk there—it argued, as friend Othello ſays, " *a foregone* concluſion"—that you had been giving

thoſe

thoſe leſſons in your houſe to your young friends, and then, for want of thought, blabbed them out in the Houſe of Commons. What you pleaded for in the Houſe was what you had approved of in the cloſet; in this burſt you turned king's evidence againſt yourſelf—as much as to ſay, "You, gentlemen reformers, "have taken great liberties with the p——m—t "and the government; now let me tell you, "gentlemen reformers, that you are entirely "and groſsly ignorant of the ſtrength of your "caſe, for I do aſſure you, gentlemen reformers, "that you have a moſt excellent caſe, if that "excellent caſe, gentlemen reformers, had to "ſupport it men of common ſenſe or any ſort "of information; for I do aſſure you, that "parliament and government are one hundred "and ninety-nine times worſe than you, gen- "tlemen reformers, in your extraordinary per- "formances, have ventured to repreſent—for "I aſſure you, gentlemen reformers, that half "a million was diſtributed to buy that parlia- "ment—and I further tell you, that this very "moment I am employed in dealing out ano-

"ther

" ther half million to buy this parliament, and " if I ſucceed, this government will make me " Chancellor."

We humbly thank your lordſhip for your information, the gentlemen reformers will anſwer. Since that declaration of yours, the way of government's ſupporting itſelf is changed—all on ready money, nothing on credit.

" Gentlemen of the profeſſion may be diſ- " bared, and as for that fellow he may be ſent " to newgate."—You recollect the *impotentia linguæ*, in the cloſet lecture with counſellor B——r, regarding the Society of United Iriſhmen; but you did not ſucceed in frightening him—but he frightened you.——I know not whether I am to claſs your reflections on Mr. F—x, and the Whigs who made you attorney general, as the *impotentia linguæ*, becauſe you ſeem to have other game then, and intended to flatter your preſent maſter who had the power, by abuſing your paſt benefactors when they could do you neither good nor harm. It

was a ſenſe of that ingratitude to one party that made you faithful to the other; made you deſpair of getting any thing from them, and devote yourſelf to the other party, and become the tail of a Spaniſh tory faction in Barataria.

Further obſervations on the Petulant diſtemper:

You hate long ſpeeches—right—your ſpeeches are ſhort and long—you ſay that's nonſenſe—I ſay no, have patience, *aude alteram partem*; they are ſhort, becauſe they contain few ſentences; they are long, becauſe they contain much indiſcretions. Which is worſt—long ſpeeches with little indiſcretion, or much indiſcretion in ſhort ſpeeches? This is one reaſon why you generally retract one half of what you ſay. It is not right to make obſervations on a man's way of living, unleſs his table becomes an academy for young gentlemen to learn bad manners and looſe morals.

Like Cato, give his little ſenate laws,
And ſit attentive to his own applauſe.

Other

Other Indiſcretions.

A fooliſh buſineſs yours with George P——by. You ſhould not have minded him.—But to govern that curſt temper of yours is a thing which you can't do; and ſo you brought out the whole buſineſs, and all your exploits, where you were runner for the marquis of B———m. You and George differed but little in your ſtory. He ſaid you offered him his place, with hopes of a better, if he would turn tail and vote for the marquis againſt the parliament of Barataria; and then you are all in a paſſion, and little W—tm—h is out of breath, and he is to vindicate you, and Mr. George is to explain—and then out comes an explanation which you allow to be the real caſe—and what, in the name of God, was that explanation?—but worſe and worſe—that you, by the authority of government, offer to another gentleman of that connection for his ſupport of the marquis in parliament with his votes, the bribe of their employments; and as for Mr. George, you only in converſation threw out, without any authority, that if he voted with the mar-

quis

quis he would keep his place, and probably get a better. Now what is all this, but that you turned broker to B———m, and tampered with two gentlemen of that party—with one, in the character of a miniſter—and with the other, in the character of a friend. There are ſome things that can't be made too clear, and other things that can't be kept too dark—and in my way of thinking, one of your predeceſſors motto was the beſt policy—*be juſt and fear not.* But if men will do dirty things, put a good face on it, and keep good humour ſtill, whatever you loſe—for then the world would not think it as bad as it really was. But when you can't hear with patience the mention of what you did very publicly, you give men a handle to ſay—"We have his own authority to ſay, it's dirty buſineſs, and we all know he did it, but he's angry becauſe it has come to light." All together the buſineſs is like a farce—Mr. Petulant below—ſhew him up.—Your buſineſs? I am the marquis's broker, come to offer you and your connection their preſent ſituations if they will go againſt what they have ſaid and done,

done, and ſupport the marquis with their votes. Hear the defence—no, ſays Lord Jeffries, the indictment is falſe; true it is I did offer a bribe for a vote, but it was not to Mr. George, it was to the other gentleman—which is as much as to ſay—I am innocent of the aſſault with an intent to raviſh, becauſe that's not the lady, it was her ſiſter; or its like father Foigard—"you're an Iriſh prieſt."—"*F.* Never was in Ire-"land in all my life." "Yes, I remember "you at ſchool in Dublin,"—"*F.* Its there "where you are wrong, for I was bred at Kil-"kenny." Better for you the matter had been huſhed, for folks only wanted to be reminded how Pander and Petulant went about at that time, offering bribes of their places and penſions to all men who would break from the Round Robbin; and what elſe was it, if you go to that, which made Bob Pandar ſecretary?

"And a pimping we will go, will go,
will go."

You thought at that time that you never would have been the keeper of the king's conſcience,

ſcience, if you were nice about your own, and therefore, the reviving the buſineſs on your part was fooliſh; it was like a girl coming out of a brothel and making a mob in the ſtreet about a kiſs. Better for a C———r not to be concerned in thoſe things, or make diſhonourable propoſals to his friend, for that's the rub in the buſineſs; for your propoſal to the P———bys was to diſhonour themſelves, by inconſiſtency and deſertion, and the offer was a bribe of their employment, brought by the C———r in the ſhape of a friend. You loſt ſight of one of your great objects, in this imprudence, for you won't find it eaſy now to ſet up the P———bys againſt the L——rs, and deſtroy both for government; becauſe you queſtioned the veracity of P———by, and attempted to humble him, and it ended in his turning the tables on you by your own deſire, and the ſubſtance of his charge is repeated and confirmed by your own authority. You appear to have endeavoured to corrupt your friend, and then to humble him, and this comes of your cleverneſs and intemperance—

however,

however, better drop it, and take care hereafter how you burn your fingers in ſuch buſineſs. But I ſee you can't reſt, you muſt fire a ſquib at Mr. Robert G—d—n, and abuſe him and his bill, that the dogs would not pick the bones of either:—for God's-ſake, my Lord, could not you have argued againſt his bill quietly, and have let the Lords throw it out; but why make ſuch a burſt againſt it, and then publiſh your ſpeech for the mob to read it, and put the ſeditious part of it in capitals, and now all the town is in combination. I call for boots, I can't get them, why? the Ch———r is tumbling for the mob;—I call for ſmall-cloths, I can't get them either, why? becauſe the Ch———r is tumbling for the mob;—I call for ſhoes, I pay one ſhilling a pair more, why? becauſe the Ch———r has been tumbling for the mob.—Why does he tumble in this way? becauſe he has been tumbling as much in the other way, and by his police bill, with the tax, and his conduct to the Common Council with regard to the mayor, and the propoſitions, and his foul language, he has made himſelf ſo

odious

odious to the people, that he's now glad to get a little popularity at any rate, and he can't let ſlip this opportunity, though its at the riſque of our trade and manufactures; and ſo by his tumbling for government, he knock'd his head againſt our liberty, and, by his tumbling for the mob, he knocks his head againſt our trade. The artifice, dear Jack, was too obvious, and below the character of a highflyer for power and authority; when you went on your old way, ſteddy for power and government, right or wrong, men were at liberty to think you loved order, though you did not regard liberty; but now when you encourage diſorder to get the mob, they conclude that its neither liberty nor order, but your place and promotion that you are driving at; but if this ſort of thing is to go on, trade will go off; every bill regarding trade, if the government are no way concerned in it, will be ſervants holy-day—and I'll tell you, Lord Jeffries, what will be the conſequence, you will deſtroy our trade by your tricks, as you attempted to deſtroy our liberty by your principles.

Your'e

You're playing Mr. Pope's Apothecary on us—

" Proud in the practice of miſtaken rules,
" Preſcribe, apply, and call their maſters fools."

The principles of liberty which a patriot would apply in favour of the conſtitution, this old courtier turned demagogue, applies in favour of combination; and to ſay the truth, you have done much miſchief.——Old Pitt's ſpeech in favour of America, had not more effect on that continent for liberty, than your's in this place for combination; and if you had a mind to pay more compliments to Caſtile at the expence of your country, to make her a preſent of our markets, you have hit the ready way; for you muſt know that one word in the tribune way, coming from you, is more than twenty from another, becauſe you are the C—nc—l—r,—and who would look for a demagogue in him? And I'll be plain with you and tell you another cauſe, becauſe you have always been the enemy of the common people

of Barataria, and never gave them a kind word until you ſet them mad; and, now indeed, I muſt own you are in ſome ſhape even with the city, and have got your revenge. I'll ſend your account:

Miſchief done to the City by Lord Jeffries.	*Benefits conferred on the city by Lord Jeffries.*
Police bill for ſix years,	
Ditto tax of 16000l. per annum for ſix years, near 100,000l.	
Riſe on the price of ſhoes, 14 per cent.	A TUMBLE.
Riſe on the price of wages,	
General combination,	
Attack on the charter of the capital of Barataria,	
Abuſe on the citizens.	

And true it was what you ſaid, that there was a ſyſtem of vaſſalage; for ſince your police bill, with your tax of 16,000l. can any citizen deny it? and that was what was told to yourſelf at the time of your police bill; but you would not liſten to the citizens then; but now you come to tell them, forſooth, what they told you, and what you did yourſelf: as if your nameſake Jeffries, after his circuit, (which was called his campaign, becauſe he hung ſo many people,)

people,) had ſaid, I am ſorry to tell you, there is a ſyſtem of cruelty going forward which I can't bear: and the plan of vaſſalage was worſe than the execution; becauſe, in your police bill you had a clauſe, which indeed you were forced to abandon—to give the government a power to make magiſtrates for the city, contrary to its charter; and you had a conſtruction which you were ſhamefully driven out of, to enable the Board of Aldermen, to make whom they pleaſed, Chief Magiſtrate, without any let, hindrance, or impediment from the Common Council; and you had another plan of vaſſalage, not only for the city, but for the kingdom at large, in your twenty propoſitions; and I think we may ſay, with deference to your Lordſhip, that there is a ſcheme of vaſſalage for this poor country of Barataria, and that there is not from this to your Lordſhip, a little man who has more helped that ſcheme, or has done, or attempted to do, more miſchief to the trade of Barataria, than Lord Jeffries; or to ſpeak plain Engliſh, you have done almoſt as much miſchief to the trade of Barataria, as you have done, or attempted, (which God forgive you)

to

to her liberties, and therefore, you may be well called Jack of all Trades. But if you go on, poor Barataria will be called *Paddy of No Trade*.—I ſend you a ſong made on the occaſion, which if it don't make you laugh, will make you the cauſe of laughter in other men.

PETULANT'S DANCE.

Tinkers, Taylors, great and ſmall,
Come liſten to my ditty;
For there's arriv'd to cure you all,
A Doctor for the city.

Nor can you wonder high and low,
If this Doctor ſets you dancing;
For ne'er was ſure ſuch raree ſhew,
As PETULANT *a prancing.*

To cure your ſlav'ry in a crack,
He has a little pill, ſir,
The city takes it with a ſmack,
It is his Police bill, ſir.

If after that the city's bound,
His other pill will pleaſe her,
'Tis a tax of ſixteen thouſand pound,
Which he makes her pay to eaſe her.

And if her body's purſy grown,
With freedom's vapour much pent,
He'll take her conſtitution down,
With his little pill—attachment.

If

If after all the city's ill,
With his little pill—conſtruction,
He'll work her commons to the De'el
And her charter to deſtruction.

And if this little med'cine fail,
He has ſtill for your ſalvation;
What will lay you faſt by neck and heel,
'Tis his bolus—proclamation.

He has beſide a noſtrum made,
For the gen'ral cure of the nation,
'Tis the favor of unequal trade,
In his act of navigation.

And he's a noſtrum ſtill in ſtore,
To better your conditions,
Of pills, good man, full twenty more,
They're his famous propoſitions.

And if your ſtomach chance to riſe,
With his noſtrum and his bolus,
"You're a beſotted race," he cries,
"Another realm ſhall rule us."

"Eaſily quell'd, and eaſily rais'd,
"But mine's a ſteadier plan, ſir,
"'Tis to make a Chancellor, God be prais'd!
"Of a little ſaucy man, ſir."

"And here's my terms, my honeſt blades,
"Let me enſlave your nation,
"And then damn you and all your trades,
"With a gen'ral combination."

And

And can you wonder, high and low,
That this Doctor ſets you dancing,
For ne'er was ſure ſuch raree ſhew
As PETULANT *a prancing.*

Obſervations on other parts of Lord Jeffries deportment.

There is in your way of conducting yourſelf, a great want of public modeſty—want of decency, ſays the poet, is want of ſenſe. You go into the Houſe of Commons, and ſhew yourſelf there like a partiſan, and that on the moſt ſcandalous queſtions. Good God, aint it bad enough for you, that you are ſuppoſed to be at the bottom of thoſe things, but why ſhew yourſelf, and appear ſo noiſy that you ſeem drunk; but you're only intoxicated with vanity and ſudden elevation. On the bench your behaviour is not the thing—laying down your pen, or affecting to write your orders or decrees, when the gentlemen at the bar, who are not in your good graces, are making their arguments. My Lord Petulant that is not pretty; you ſhould not have brought your reſentments to that place; and moreover, theſe are blackguard tricks, and not a gentleman-like way of

ſhewing

ſhewing them. Why does the C——c—l—r hold forth againſt Counſellor C——n? If any one aſks—the anſwer is, why ſure he had a ſort of a fight with him.—What's amiſs between him and Counſellor E——n? Why aint he Mr. C——n's friend.—Why does he lay down his pen, or write his orders when the Prime S——t is ſpeaking? Why ſure he's Cl—nm—l's friend.—Why does he treat Counſellor T—l—r with the ſame ſauce? Becauſe the Counſellor threatened him once when he was pert.

If every judge was to behave in the ſame manner, theſe gentlemen muſt quit their profeſſion. And how can a man be very impartial to the ſuitors of his court, when he don't ſhew equal juſtice or impartiality to the practitioners; and I'll tell you a conſequence from this which you little dream of;—you make yourſelf more dependant on your place than you need be, becauſe your manners make it neceſſary to you as a protection; and in general you affect too much to be every thing and every where;—leathered up in buckſkin in the morning in the

ſtreets

ſtreets like a poſtilion, and wig'd up at the play in the evening like a buck—or blaſting in the Houſe of Commons like a porter—or playing the Mountebank in the Houſe of Lords for the mob, —and all to ſhew how clever you are, when with much leſs exerciſe of body and mind you might be reſpectable; but you want to be thought a fellow of univerſal parts, and that's one of the rocks you'll ſplit on—and you forget that in moſt of thoſe things you fail. Other men, like Mr. F—x and a few others, go out of their line to ſhew their ſuperiority, but you to ſhew your inferiority—you are a poor ſportſman, and a poor buck, and no great boaſt with the ladies.

'Tis Lord Thurlow that has ſet you all aſtray. Oh *imitatores ſervumpecus!*—imitate him in his manlineſs and I'll ſay ſomething to you, but in his particularities——*Virtus immitabile.*

A great man, the poet ſays, does often great miſchief—how?

" Fills half the world with imitative fools."

If

If Th—l—w wears a bob, and looks like a farmer, the inferior Ch———r looks like a poſtilion; or if Th—l—w raps out an oath, his imitator blaſts like a porter: its the fable of the wren and the calf—" no mother, not if " you burſt will you be as big;" which being tranſlated, means, that the rumbling of Th—l--w is more terrible, than the roaring of Petulant—one is a great gun and the other a pop-gun. There's ſomething elſe that I can't avoid rebuking you for, What in the name of vanity made you get that gilt carravan, your coach, which is a travelling advertiſement of your folly, and is giving the mob a clue to your weakneſs? it ſeems a trifle, but *nugæ ſeria ducunt*. We'll ſuppoſe a mob in the ſtreet where this golden pillory in which you expoſe yourſelf was exhibited—folks aſk what's the matter?—a fine coach for an Eaſt-Indian courtezan.—No, the Ch———r,—who? Th—l—w, fye! no,—Petulant;—Th—l—w is too proud to go into your coach, and you are too vain to go into his, and there's one of the differences between you. Vanity, vanity, vanity!

Jack, pr'ythee avoid it, its like heels, it makes a man run very hard to a certain point, but when he gets there, it requires a little ſtrength of head to keep him ſteady. Vanity may make a man expoſe, as the poet ſays,

——————" Knaves and fools,

" And be what'ver he hates or ridicules.

Now if you had ſeen Lord L——d go into your coach, you'd have ſaid, " damn the block-" head, he looks like a rap half-penny ſet in " gold;" or if you had ſeen a barriſter, when riſing in the world, cut his old acquaintance, and keep an open table for aid-du-camps, and boys of the caſtle, you'd have ſaid, " that's a " law coxcomb;" or if you had ſeen a judge play the part of a young blade, you'd have ſaid, " damn him, that's a buck Chancellor;" or if you had ſeen him tumble for popularity, you'd have ſaid, " that's a mountebank that has run " away with the Chancellor's wig and gown;" or if you had ſeen him conforting with libellers at his table, you'd have ſaid, " that " fellow will make Jeoffry Joy, jun. his train-" bearer;" or if you had ſeen him at his own table encouraging youth in obſcenity of the low-

eſt

eſt kind, againſt principle of all ſort, public or religious, you'd have ſaid, " foregad, were " I the grand jury, that gentleman's houſe " ſhould be abated as a common nuiſance ;" or if you had ſeen him at an aggregate meeting, you'd have ſaid, " damn the blockhead, what " has a Peer or Chancellor to do with aggre- " gates—and as to his religion its a farce ;" or if you had ſeen him go to the doors of gentlemen's houſes, to offer them bribes for voting, and offer his own perſonal honour that the Lord Lieutenant ſhould not break his word, ſo that there might be two in the bond, you'd ſay, " where's my Lord Mayor? where are the " Sheriffs?—G—d damn the board of alder- " men, is there no-body to put that blaſted " male bawd in the ſtocks?" or if you ſeen a Chancellor make an uproar in the Houſe of Commons, by talking and calling out, you'd have ſaid, " Is it brandy he has been drinking, " or a ſpirit of his own ſhop?"—*the ſpirit of intoxicated vanity!* Or if you had ſeen him ſporting ſhamefull opinions againſt law and conſtitution, to curry favour with government, —you'd ſay, " that low little fellow will fare

" better

" better than an Iriſhman, becauſe he behaves " to his country worſe than an Engliſhman;" or if you had heard him abuſe the party that had given him office, when they were out, you'd have ſaid, " that fellow's like the coach- " man who quarrels with the cook when ſhe " has loſt the key of the larder;" or if you had ſeen him employ his legal knowledge in acuteneſs, to puzzle law and ſtatute, you'd have ſaid, " that's a monkey with a razor in his paw that won't reſt 'till he cuts his throat." But when we ourſelves are placed within the reach of the ſame opportunities, we are apt to do what we ridicule in others, and above all others the ſcoffer; which ſhould be a leſſon to you, either to lay aſide the practice of undervaluing other men, or to guard your own conduct, that you may not be guilty of the follies you have ridiculed; and that you may not make applicable to yourſelf, the lines which Mr. Pope applied to a Petulant woman,

" Shines in expoſing knaves and painting fools,
" Yet is whate'er ſhe hates or ridicules."

Yours,

MENTOR.